

Life



MAY 29, 1924

"Papa! Mamma says to bring home chops!"

PRICE 15 CENTS

FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY



A family of 217,000

THERE ARE more than 217,000 persons in the General Motors family.

They include the workers in the factories, located in 36 cities; distributors and dealers in all parts of the world; and stockholders, living in 24 countries.

These 217,000 represent many thousands of families. Many more thousands of families are employed by the concerns from which General Motors buys materials; and these concerns, in turn, buy from still others.

Modern industry is a vast net of interwoven interests; the prosperity of each of us is dependent upon the prosperity of all the rest.

GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK • CADILLAC • CHEVROLET • OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE • GMC TRUCKS

The Confessions of a Diner-Out

I HAVE BEEN on time for dinner only once in my life. On that occasion I was alone with my hostess for twenty minutes before any of the other guests arrived. Thereafter I took especial pains never to be punctual.

During a rather large dinner-party, years ago, I slipped from my chair, unobserved, and made a pretense of being one of the waiters for the remainder of the evening. It was one of the few large dinners I have really enjoyed.

The art of seating people at a dinner table is one of singular subtlety. Nothing is quite so disappointing as that feeling of being placed next to some one because your hostess believes that you share the same ideas.

There is only one thing at dinner that disturbs me more than seeing enormous quantities of food. That is hearing enormous quantities of dull conversation; but I have never gone entirely to sleep at the dinner table.

Dinners in honor of somebody or something seem to me wholly illogical. I see no reason for gorging oneself as a symbol of esteem or reverence.

I strongly resent the type of dinner during which the various dishes are whisked away before one has time even to sample them, and I have been known, in such circumstances, to clutch my plate firmly, as a lioness will its young.

I hold no very strong objection to people's smoking throughout dinner, but do vigorously protest at their flicking their cigarette ashes into my salad.

I cannot admire a hostess whose servants pass the food in such a manner that only a contortionist could properly dish it out of the platter.

Dinners during which there is dancing strike me as being on a parallel plane of barbarity with bear-baiting, bull fighting, and running the gantlet.

Many a dinner party has been ruined by the noisiness of one guest—or by the silence of another.

I cannot tolerate dinner partners who are forever dropping their napkins on the floor, who tell me that I remind them so much of some one, who insist that I perform balancing feats with the fruit, forks, knives, and finger bowls, who keep kicking me beneath the table, who drink my champagne.

I have never attended more than three dinners in one evening.

C. G. S.

Reciprocity

SOME evil, scheming wretch prehensile
Has gone and gobbled up my pencil.
'Twas lying here, not long ago;
Some one hath filched it—that I know.
I might have known some one would
pot it.

For that's exactly how I got it.

J. L. B.



NOWADAYS ONE SEES PIPES SMOKED EVERYWHERE, ANY TIME, A STAMP OF SMARTNESS, IT WOULD SEEM

Smoke It One Day and It's Months-Mellowed

MOST men join Mark Twain in the idea that a pipe is a wonderful smoke—after it's broken in.

But rather than put their tongues through the third degree, they'll forego the pleasure that only a pipe can give and say to you, "Sure I'd like to smoke a pipe, but I hate to break it in."

Ben Wade has made the "break in" as obsolete as side whiskers.

Smoke your Ben Wade one day and it's months-mellowed... sweet, fragrant, and just as "broken in" as you'll ever want it to be. And it stays that way.

There's no trick to it. It's all in the fine briar and the way it's treated. The inside of the bowl, you will notice, is light colored. That's the exclusive Ben Wade finish. The pores are opened... and kept open. There's nothing to taste; nothing to burn out. You taste the full flavor of the tobacco you're smoking and never the pipe.

All of the irreconcilables who thought they'd never smoke a pipe change their minds with the first day's smoking. And all of the pipe regulars have put their tongues on a happy, lifelong vacation.

So, if you'll be tramping the fairway this summer, or casting your bait where the bass ought to be, or doing any of

those things where a pipe is part of the picture, just give up all the old ideas and try a Ben Wade. Pretty soon you'll be smoking it at home, in the office, everywhere and any time.

Men and Ben Wades have been close friends since the 70's when old Ben Wade began his career of pipe maker to the English gentry.

Typical

SOMETHING of the quality of Ben Wade Pipes—and other articles sponsored by Hargraff—is indicated by the type of their distributors. The following is a partial list of retailers and wholesalers:

Baltimore—Wm. Boucher & Sons
 Boston—Estabrook & Eaton, Charles B. Perkins Co.
 Buffalo—Jos. T. Snyder
 Chicago—T. M. Wood & Sons
 Cleveland—Louis Klein Cigar Company
 Davenport—Hickey Brothers
 Dayton—The M. J. Schwab Company
 Denver—Jno. D. Ross Cigar Company
 Des Moines—W. F. Gabrio Company
 Flint, Mich.—Harry W. Watson Company
 Hartford, Conn.—H. S. Weeks
 Indianapolis—Louis G. Deschler Company
 Los Angeles—G. B. Hargraff
 Milwaukee—Lewis-Leidersdorf Co.
 Minneapolis—Carl F. Thomas, Minneapolis Drug Co.
 New York City—The Steam Co., Charles & Company
 Omaha—Getten & Wickham Cigar Company
 Philadelphia—Costes Coleman Company
 Pittsburgh—Reynier & Brothers, Incorporated
 Portland, Ore.—Dedman Cigar Company
 Rochester, N. Y.—Fred H. Lintz
 St. Louis—Moss & Lowenhaupt Cigar Company
 Salt Lake City—Lewis & Whitaker Cigar Company
 Seattle—Spring Cigar Company, Inc.
 Springfield, Mass.—M. H. Barnett

Aurora, Ill.—Ben Pederson
 Barrington, Ill.—J. A. McLeister
 Battle Creek, Mich.—Post Tavern Cigar Company
 Buffalo, N. Y.—R. J. Seidenberg Company
 Chicago and Suburbs—R. P. Adams, Anderson, Thorson & Co., The Argmore Shop, Chas. Bidwell (Uptown Station), Blackstone Hotel Cigar Dept., Albert Breitung Stores, Cass Brothers, Cicero Smoke Shop (Cicero), Churchill's, Dolan's Segar Shop, Englewood Smoke Shop, Fred J. Harris, La Salle Hotel Cigar Dept., Lilienfeld Bros. & Co., W. F. Monroe Cigar Co., C. A. Rosenstein, L. & I. Rubovits, A. M. Seckbach & Bro., Sherman Hotel Cigar Dept., Smyrneos Bros., C. P. Walker (Oak Park)
 Cincinnati, O.—The Dow Drug Co. Stores
 Cleveland, O.—Hugo Gellner
 Covington, Ky.—L. B. Wilson Company
 Detroit, Mich.—G. C. Damon Cigar Company, Lilienfeld Bros. & Co.
 Elgin, Ill.—Philip Schickler
 Enid, Okla.—McKay Drug Company
 Exeter, N. H.—Weeks & Seward
 Galesburg, Ill.—Arcade Drug Shop
 Grand Rapids, Mich.—C. A. Mitts Cigar Company
 Hanover, N. H.—Campion's College Smoke Shop
 Kansas City, Mo.—Hunter Bros.
 Lancaster, Pa.—H. C. Demuth
 Lincoln, Neb.—Ed. Young Cigar Company
 Lorain, O.—E. J. Kingsley
 Los Angeles and Hollywood, Cal.—A. Clubb & Sons
 Louisville, Ky.—Hummel & Nolan
 Madison, Wis.—Fisher Bros.
 Madisonville, Ky.—Lindsay's Drug Store
 Minneapolis, Minn.—L. S. Donaldson Company
 Muskegon, Mich.—L. H. Fink
 New Haven, Conn.—John Gilbert & Son, University Smoke Shop
 New York City—Pennsylvania Drug Company
 Ogden, Utah—deWit Bros. Company
 Philadelphia, Pa.—John Middleton, Yahn & McDonnell
 Pueblo, Colo.—Edelstein Bros.
 Quincy, Ill.—S. & S. Cigar Company
 Saginaw, Mich.—Oppenheimer Cigar Company
 San Francisco, Cal.—Robt. M. Reilly, Wolf Brothers
 Saranac Lake, N. Y.—The Humidor
 Sioux City, Ia.—Frances Pharmacy
 Washington, D. C.—Raleigh Haberdasher, Inc.
 York, Pa.—Young & Busser Company



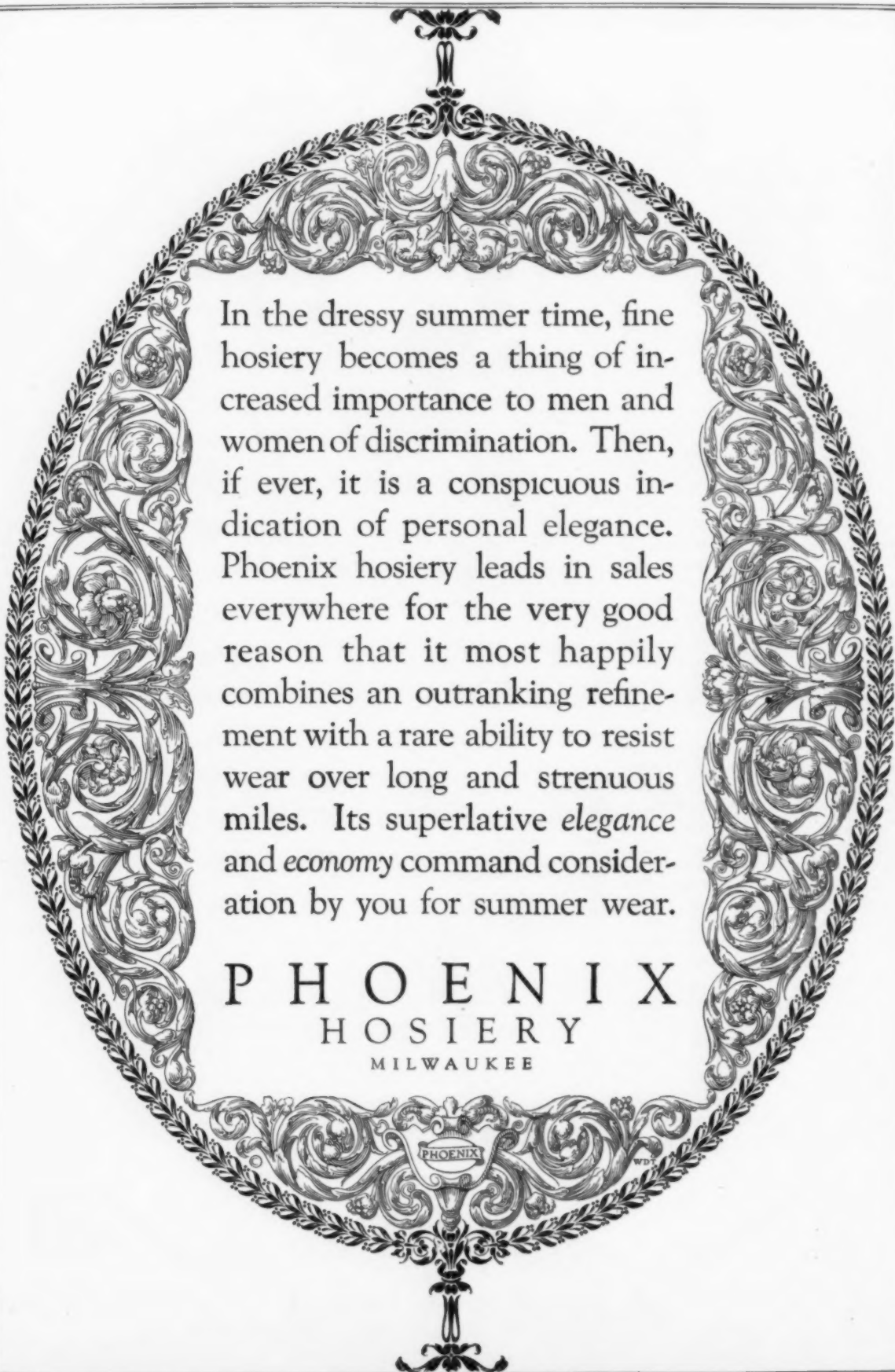
CHURCHILL DOWNS
 The famous black and gold cigarette
 —also a Hargraff product

HARGRAFF & SONS
 336 North Michigan Ave.



HUDSON'S BAY
 TOBACCO
 Smokes well with Ben Wade Pipes
 —also a Hargraff product

Canadian Depot
 Chowne Bros., 916 Pender St.
 Vancouver, B. C.



In the dressy summer time, fine hosiery becomes a thing of increased importance to men and women of discrimination. Then, if ever, it is a conspicuous indication of personal elegance. Phoenix hosiery leads in sales everywhere for the very good reason that it most happily combines an outranking refinement with a rare ability to resist wear over long and strenuous miles. Its superlative *elegance* and *economy* command consideration by you for summer wear.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY
MILWAUKEE

MAY 27 1924

Life

Life Lines

WHOEVER invented the "Keep Cool with Coolidge" slogan wasn't thinking of the November trade.

The present Administration seems to be suffering from overexposure.

Along about this month is the beginning of the school children's truck gardens, or the great boy sprout movement.

The radio is still far behind the grade crossing as a means of establishing contact with the Infinite.

It is rumored that a woman may be nominated for Vice-President. And remain silent for four years?

It will soon be time to waste sympathy on husbands left at home during the summer.

The garment workers are considering striking again; they claim they are paid at starvation rates. The way of the pants-presser is hard.



PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER

If they ever publish the bootleggers' list of customers in Washington, we hope they will include the averages. We want to know who's champion.

The Prohibition machinery isn't functioning just right. There seems to be a corkscrew loose somewhere.

Practically the only thing that the present Congress has passed is the buck.

A movement is on foot to prevent the parking of automobiles in front of banks. Visiting bandits can help by leaving their carriage calls with the starter at the door.

The 5-5-3 naval ratio has been declared obsolete, thereby relieving many of the necessity of recalling what it means.

Perhaps Mr. McAdoo would be satisfied if Californians would accept him as their favorite son-in-law.

1924 is Leap Year, and a few of us are still one leap ahead of the sheriff.



WEATHER PERMITTING

Golf Novice (after her first stroke): WHEN DO I USE THE PUTTER?
Instructor: SOME TIME BEFORE DARK, I HOPE.



"WHY DON'T YOU REMOVE YOUR HAT WHEN YOU BEG?"
 "YOU WOULDN'T 'AVE ME TAKEN FOR A PANHANDLER, WOULD YOU, GUV'NER? AND WHAT'S A LITTLE LOAN,
 AS BETWEEN FRIENDS?"

My Husband Says

THAT the ambition of every true New Englander is to die, so he can see his obituary in the *Transcript*, but some New Yorkers prefer to live and read their mistakes in the *Spur*.

I don't care much for those things, but I think it must be heavenly to read about one's clothes.

Of course, my primrose negligee with the silver ribbon is the only thing I have that is lovely enough to describe, and he says you have to be a great social favorite or do something dreadful to get your negligees in print.

But I love to read the advertisements in our own paper, too. My husband says it makes him nervous to hear me reading them and he dislikes to appear set in his ideas, but he doesn't care to hear any more about Hatching Eggs at any price, and I simply *can't* keep chickens in the old bird-cage even if they *are* fluffy. He really doesn't care for farming. He says he likes the animals, but he never knows what to say to them.

We saw some darling Angora goats at a fair and he asked their attendant at what season of the year they re-

moved the fur from them. The man said he was a seventh son and he sensed that my husband was not a farmer. But he was awfully polite and told us they cut the fur off in January to keep the goats cool.

L. Blanche Simpson.

A Caterpillar

A HORNED harlequin; black satin fellow,
 His vestment clasped with double studs of yellow:
 A mild worm in ferocious masquerade;
 A demon to the dwellers of the glade
 Whose boundary's the perimeter of shade
 That our primeval apple tree has made.
 He moves not laterally nor turns him back,
 Travels tenaciously an ordained track:
 He has his vision also and proceeds
 Toward some far country of prodigious deeds.

Kenneth Slade Alling.

Ideal Memorial Day Parade

(If We Recall Who Really Won the War)

BATTALION OF LIBERTY ORATORS,
DELIVERING FOUR-MINUTE TALKS
IN AN HOUR AND A HALF, NET.

BEVY OF YOUNG LADIES WHO SOLD
LIBERTY BONDS TILL IT HURT—THE
BUYERS.

VETERANS OF THE BATTLES OF LIBERTY
CABBAGE AND LIBERTY SAUSAGE.

GEORGE CREEL.

REGIMENT OF Y. M. C. A. SECRETARIES
DISTRIBUTING PACKAGES OF CIGARETTES
FREE TO THE ONLOOKERS.

JACK DEMPSEY.

THE MAN WHO BELIEVES THERE CAN
NEVER BE ANOTHER WAR.

OPPOSERS OF THE BONUS WHO SAID
IN 1917-18, "NOTHING WILL BE TOO
GOOD FOR OUR BOYS WHEN THEY
COME BACK."

MUNITIONS MANUFACTURERS.

MINISTERS WHO KNEW ON WHICH
SIDE THE LORD WAS IRREVOCABLY
ALIGNED.

CHAMPION WAR-TIME RIVETER OF THE
U. S. SHIPPING BOARD.

MEN WHO BUILT THE WOODEN SHIPS.

HOTEL PROPRIETORS WHO WERE STRONG
FOR SAVING SUGAR FOR THE A. E. F.

MEMBERS OF COMMITTEES THAT SAVED
THE DEAR BOYS FROM LIQUOR.

COLORATURAS WHO SANG IN THE CAN-
TONMENTS.



"BACK TO NATURE, EH? GOSH, I DON'T SEE NOTHIN' NATURAL ABOUT THAT."

STALWARTS WHO DROVE LIMOUSINES
FROM THE PERSHING CLUB TO THE
PLAZA.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY—IF HE
CAN BE SPARED FROM HIS MILITARY
DUTIES.

SPECULATORS IN WAR BABIES.

ONE (1) VETERAN.

James K. McGuinness.

The Perfect Salesman

"THIS car isn't much for looks, but for a one-hundred-per-cent. American who loves to spend a pretty Sunday with his family among the grade crossings, ours is the only one. Our dealers report that in owner tests with the Twentieth Century and Broadway Limiteds after the gates were down, our car lost only once, and that time the driver misjudged the distance by ten and one-half feet. At least, the doctor who attended him thought he said ten and a half."

"Other machines may last longer and offer a better price, but if you are looking for the best car for Sunday motoring, the one that will give your family and friends the most thrills, especially at hidden crossings where the sport is keenest, you will take ours. You may use my fountain pen."

McCready Huston.

Compensation

CALLER (to deaf old lady): It must be quite an affliction to be hard of hearing.

OLD LADY: Eh? Not so bad as having to keep still and listen.



Kid Monk: THIS GUY CERTAINLY KNOWS HOW TO COVER UP HIS JAW.



"GEE! AREN'T WOMEN THE LIMIT?"



"WHAT KEEPS ETHEL IN TOWN THESE HOT SUNDAYS?"

"HER CHURCH WORK."

"CHURCH? WHAT DOES SHE DO?"

"WHY, YOU MUST KNOW. SHE DANCES."

David's Amateur Standing

THE question of David's amateur standing has all but split in two the executive council of the Near East Sling Shooters' Association. Since this young athlete put Goliath down for the count at the Israel-Philistine Open Air Meet last fall, he has been writing signed sling-shooting articles for at least two newspaper syndicates.

David claims that he was a writer for the press long before he gained international fame with his sling and pebble. In this stand he has many supporters, even in the ranks of the Sling Shooters' Association itself. Others bluntly state that had he not killed Goliath with one of the most marvelous place shots ever seen on a sling-shooting court, not a newspaper from Dan to Beersheba would have cared a whoop about David's stuff.

"He's a writer who went in for sling-shooting," say those who side with David. "Writing's his profession."

"He's a sling-shot who writes because there's money in it," cry the opposition. "He couldn't be more of a professional if he were sling-shooting instructor to an athletic club."

Thus it goes, and the question of what constitutes a sling-shooting amateur becomes more involved than ever.

His friends applaud David in his decision to resign from the Philistine Cup team rather than abandon his literary pursuits.

A. H. Folwell.

VISITOR: How much wheat will you raise this year?
FARMER: Oh, enough for a second mortgage.



PRESIDENT BUTLER'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF—AS IT LOOKS TO PRESIDENT ELIOT



THE SAILOR ASHORE

First Stenographer (on thirty-seventh floor of downtown office building): DIDJA GO TO CONEY WITH YOUR SHEIK SUNDAY LIKE YA WAS GONNA, MARGE?

Second Stenographer: I'LL SAY I DID. SAY, YOU'D OUGHT TO GO UP IN THAT FERRIS WHEEL ONCE. YOU GET A SWELL VIEW.

The Drama in Jonesville

"SEE that flood of white light in the next block? That's the New Paradise Theatre. Jonesville is proud of that. The citizens bought a million dollars' worth of stock in the building and it cost at least half that much. There was some talk at the time about what became of the other half but Jonesville is too public-spirited to allow any carping criticism.

"The New Paradise Theatre stands on the site of the old Op'ra House that was dedicated to the drama and seated five hundred. The New Paradise holds five times as many and if you want a

seat you have to eat downtown and stand in line for an hour. The management guarantees pure air, water, correct lighting, æsthetic decorations, a nursery for children, a smoking room for men and two for women, Italian Renaissance lounges, a symphony orchestra, an operatic tenor and an interpretive dancer. And, of course, first-run films.

"The old Op'ra House didn't offer a thing but Edwin Booth, Edwin Forrest, Fanny Davenport, Clara Morris, and Richard Mansfield."

McC. H.

An Ounce of Intention

THIS foot and mouth disease—or scare—

Has widely spread.

Hogs, sheep and cattle everywhere

Are lying dead.

Inspectors came—I saw them scowl—

They spied my cat.

I heard a bang! Puss gave a yowl!

And that was that!

The dog I loved, and highly prized,

Was rudely slain.

A wee pet lamb was sacrificed,

My tears were vain.

They entered in—despite my rage—

And then, by heck!

Snatched my canary from its cage,

And wrung its neck!

A guinea pig with young ones four,

A brindle pup,

And pink-eyed rabbits by the score

Were offered up.

Some goldfish in a bowl somehow

Got overlooked.

They poured quicklime upon my cow—

My goose was cooked!

I long to place my fingers o'er

Each slayer's throat!

I hope this Plague will end before

They get my goat!

Billie King.

Advice to This Summer's American Tourist

DO not mistake the head deck-steward for the captain of the ship, nor tip the latter instead of the headwaiter in the à la carte section of the dining saloon.

Do not (after six weeks in Paris) feign to speak English with a marked French accent.

Do not regard a London supper club as a typical British product—with its Parisian cooking, its Lithuanian waiters, its American patrons, its Spanish singers, and its Ethiopian jazz band.

Do not believe every Russian dancer to be a prince or princess in disguise.

Do not—as a sportive gesture—lose all your cash at roulette at one of the more fashionable casinos.

Do not think that everything is risqué because it is French.

Do not—upon your return trip—pretend that you are visiting America for the first time in your life.

Do not write home postcards announcing the current price of whisky in Scotland. C. G. S.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

May 22nd Awake betimes, and at the Cross Word Puzzle Book before my breakfast tray came, so eager am I to do my utmost before consulting the answer book. But I cannot find what the albumin from the castor oil bean is called, and I do think seriously of writing the Rockefeller Institute, or some such place, to find out...Ada Mercer on the telephone early, beseeching me to lunch with her, but when she named a quaint restaurant she had discovered in the Forties, I was quick to bethink me of another engagement, the realization of what her eating-house must be like being so strong that I arose and opened another window. I have learned to mistrust the adjective "quaint," for experience has taught me that a waitress dressed in costume adds naught to the quality of the *plat du jour*...The Bannings to dine with us, and when Ned mentioned the necessity of laying in some champagne against the coming christening of their child, Sam quoth eagerly, Are you going to break a bottle of it over the baby's head?



Gum Machine Manufacturer (after dropping penny in slot): FINE! FINE! EVERYTHING'S O.K. IT WORKS PERFECTLY—NO GUM COMES OUT!

May 23rd Up early, and at the piano playing this and that popular tune, and wondering why every piece of music has "Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses" on the back. Then did I dress myself with the greatest care, and whilst I was debating whither to betake myself in my sartorial glory, Emmy

Lawrence did stop in with the suggestion that we drive out to Henri's in Lynbrook for luncheon, which I fell in with gladly. And on the way Emmy chatted of her life in Europe the past seven years, and she did tell me how upon landing here a fortnight ago, the prevalence on the dock of persons with bone-rimmed spectacles caused her to wonder which had sprung up in her absence, a new race of people or an epidemic. The country charming and our luncheon perfect, Henri making the *crêpes Suzette* for us himself. On the way home we did run foul of a sharp stone, so to a garage for a new tube, adjusted by the dirtiest man that ever I saw in my life. Lord! rubbing his face with a piece of soiled waste must be the first thing a man does when he becomes a motor mechanic. And well he may, for he needs a cover for his blushes when he presents his bill.

May 24th My husband in early to speak seriously with me, as he said, on a certain matter. Whereupon he cautioned me not to let my enthusiasm for the specialist who is treating me wax to the extent of be-
(Continued on page 32)



The Snake (observing Eve): WHO IS THAT?
Adam: THAT IS MY SEVENTH RIB, ONCE REMOVED.



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Never Mind What Her Name Is



"MAMA, I'M CALLING UP
FROM THE FRESH AIR FARM.
SMELL THE FLOWERS."

SHE is a blonde with big, wistful, violet-blue eyes, and hair which would be golden if it were oftener washed and brushed. Her skin is almost transparent and would be pink instead of pale if the blood beneath it were of richer quality. There might be dimples in her cheeks, if they were plump, but she is underweight, a condition which is also shown by the thinness of her little arms and legs. In years she is somewhere between five and eight, although there is something in her face which suggests old age.

Before she was born nobody consulted her about her choice of parents or the surroundings in which she should pass her childhood. She might not have chosen a millionaire father and mother, but she would perhaps have selected parents with leisure enough to give her a little of the love and care not often bestowed on children of the tenements. Considering the lack of example, it is a mystery how she learned the maternal affection she lavishes on the maimed and battered doll which is her only toy and possession.

If she had had any pre-natal knowledge of physiology she would doubtless have picked out for the atmosphere of her early years one with more oxygen and fewer bad smells than that in which she now breathes from year's end to year's end. She would have known that while nostrils may become callous to unpleasant odors, childish lungs absolutely need pure air for the growth of healthy bodies.

Temperature might also have entered into her calculations. She certainly would not have chosen to spend the torrid days and nights of the summer shut in by the masonry and pavements of New York, which absorb the sun's hot rays during the day only to radiate their sleep-destroying heat during the night and drive the tenement dwellers to the streets, the roofs and the fire-escapes in the vain quest of relief from their torment.

Try This

AN interesting experiment, which never fails, is easily possible in the case of this pathetic little fellow-human. She can readily be transplanted for a fortnight during the hot weather from the torrid slums of New York to the fresh, bracing air of the hills of Connecticut or New Jersey. The experiment consists in subjecting her to a lot of play, a liberal supply of good food, airy, cool sleep-

ing quarters, cleanliness through wading and splashing in the brooks, and as much fresh air as her little lungs can absorb. The result is that she and the other children go back to the city healthier, happier and better fitted to encounter and survive the ills of the rest of the year.

You can perform this experiment at the cost of about eleven dollars a child and duplicate it as often as you like at the same rate. That is the cost of two weeks of happiness for a tenement child at one of LIFE's farms. Please send all contributions to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

The Two Farms

LIFE now has two Fresh Air Farms; one located at Branchville, Connecticut; the other at Pottersville, New Jersey. From the close of school in June until its opening in September, parties of about four hundred children are given a fortnight's vacation in the country. The children are drawn from the poorer districts of Greater New York, and the effect on them of a fortnight of good food and pure country air is surprising. Caretakers are always with the children, which accounts for the fact that in an experience with more than forty thousand children, so far there has not been one serious accident.

LIFE's Farms are supported entirely by contributions from its friends and readers. Costs are still high, but an average

cost for the past three years of slightly more than eleven dollars has provided a happy vacation in lives where happy vacations are rare.



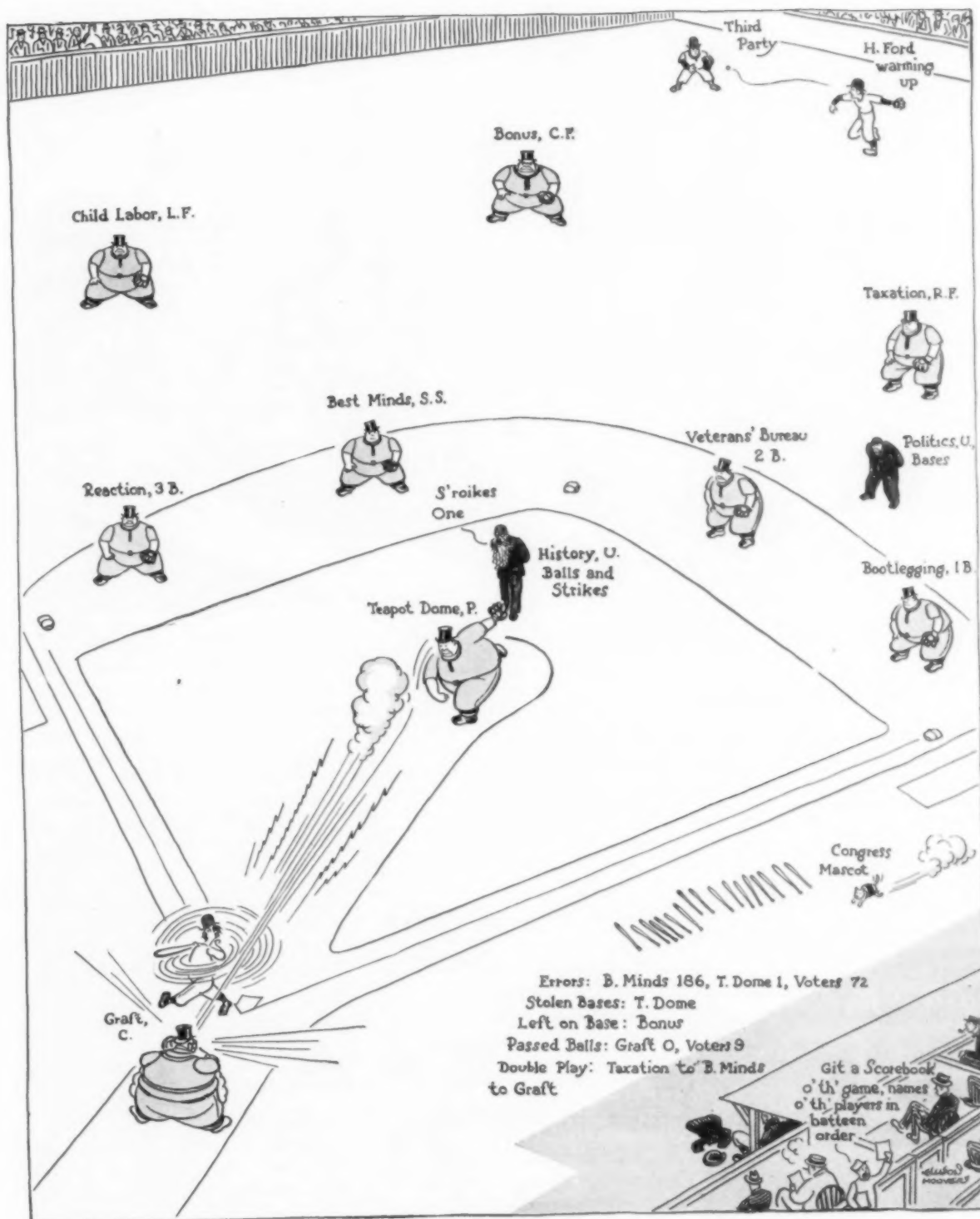
"DEY C'N ASK JIMMIE TO GO UP TO
DE FRESH AIR FARM FOR ALL I CARE.
I'D RATHER STAY IN THE CITY
ANYWAY."



"GREAT! AIN'T IT?"
"YES, BUT I HATE TO THINK O' THE FIREMEN WE'RE
THROWIN' OUTA WORK!"

LIFE's Fresh Air Endowments

IF you want to make your well-doing immortal, you may establish a Fresh Air Endowment. This insures that every summer, for all time, a poor child will be sent from New York's
(Continued on page 27)



THE SAME OLD GAME



Acquaintance (to rising young novelist—who isn't feeling any too well): MY WIFE, MR. BMMERTON. SHE DOES NOT LIKE YOUR BOOKS, AND WISHES TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THEM.

The Pedestrian's Notebook

SIDEWALK—A narrow section of the street for pedestrians who had rather be walked over than run over.

Traffic Officer—The man who designates which stream of automobiles shall engulf you.

Safety Zone—A place in the middle of the street where a policeman herds those pedestrians who will take another chance.

Whistle—What the traffic officer uses to signal a restive line of taxis when enough pedestrians are crossing the street.

Traffic Tower—A coign of vantage that enables its occupant to signal a group of motor cars five blocks away that you are about to attempt a crossing.

Curb—The cliff on which you stand while waiting for somebody behind to push you off.

One-Way Street—A street where you look in only one wrong direction.

Ward Twitchell.

Pastel

THE scene is the terrace of the Van Stuffleighs' country palace, during the smartest dance of the season. Supper is in progress and there is gayety in the air and glamour in each fleeting moment. Glittering, gilded lanterns swing lazily in the breeze, while the strains of a dreamy waltz float softly

in from the ballroom. Truly a setting of sparkle, of jollity, of brilliance.

In a corner of the verandah, gazing out into the star-powdered night, Henry Van Stuffleigh and Tommy Jones are engaged in conversation. Quietly I approach them. They are discussing the closing Wall Street quotations!



TWELVE MILES ON A GALLON

Lhude Sing Cuccu!

EVERY book of English song
Starts out in the selfsame way
With a line that puts a prong
In the merry month of May.
You, of course, recall the lay
Pleading for the cuckoo's din—
Thinking of it spoils my day:
"Sumer is icumen in!"

I can see the Sunday throng
Making for Manhasset Bay;
Week-end visits going wrong;
Foot-loose husbands bent on play;
Western buyers getting gay
On expensive local gin
In each restaurant and café.
Summer is a-coming in.

I have never been too strong
For batiste or white piqué;
Marcel waves can not last long
Matched against the ocean's spray;
Sitting round *en negligée*
Doctoring a sunburnt skin—
We poor women always pay.
Summer is a-coming in.

L'Envoi

Joshua, alas, is clay.
And my argument is thin.
Sobs beset me as I say,
"Summer is a-coming in."
Baird Leonard.

L'Enfant Terrible

MR. BANGS, after waiting patiently for several years for his five-year-old son to ask: "Daddy, what did you do in the Great War?" decided that he could wait no longer. "There I stood," he was telling him, "alone, amid that scathing fire and bursting shrapnel. I had been detailed to clear the ground of all encumbrances in preparation for our attack. Rifles, machine guns, howitzers, forty-twos—all were spitting and belching their venomous tongues of flame and death. I plunged ahead; and on my face was an expression of contempt for their pitiful efforts. Onward, onward—"

"Father," interrupted his son, with an ill-concealed yawn, and a forced smile of indulgence, "your experience was no doubt an interesting one. But all this show and pomp of war and soldiery is so primitive, cheap, savage—childish, in a word. All that is now effete. The times change, Father, and we must change with them."



Nurse: WELL, MISS DOROTHY, AND WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO TO-DAY?
"DON'T BE SILLY, NURSE. HOW'LL I KNOW TILL YOU'VE TOLD ME NOT TO?"

MAE: So Freddie is teaching you baseball?

RAE: Yes, and when I asked him what a squeeze play was, I think he put one over on me.

PRUE: I think I must be growing old.

SUE: Why, darling?

"I seem to be getting my illusions back."

Racing Chart

Washington, D. C. Any Day of the Spring Meeting of the Sclon Jockey Club.

*Indicates 5 lbs. apprentice allowance. Off time is official. In fact, all time off is official.

Equipment—W, Whip; V, Vocabulary; G, Gestures; E, Endurance.

FIRST RACE—Procrastination Handicap—Many furlongs; Purse, 1,000 votes. Value to winner, 600; second, 300; third, 100. For two-year-old bills and under. Off at 11 A.M. Start, good. Quit for lunch. Didn't return. Finish, rotten. Won, driving. Place, same. Winner, Scandal, by Partisanship, out of Order.

Entries	Wt.	PP.	St.	1/4	1/2	Fin.	Jockeys	S.	P.	S.
SCANDAL	wsve	111	4	1	1	1	Walsh	1-1	1-5	1-10
MUCKRAKER	svg	112	2	2	3	2	Brookhart	1-2	4-5	3-5
BLACK GOLD	wvg	115	1	4	2	4	Wheeler	3-5	10-9	—
ALL WET	wsve	98	6	9	9	4	La Follette	—	—	—
IMMIGRATION	ws	107	5	3	4	5	B-vsum	—	—	—
*BONUS	e	109	7	6	7	6	Copeland	—	—	—
TAXATION	svge	94	8	7	8	6	Smoot	—	—	—
PROHIBITION	vg	76	3	8	5	3	Edwards	—	—	—

Track, muddy. SCANDAL, MUCKRAKER and BLACK GOLD were short prices in mutuels. SCANDAL broke fast and went to the front with a rush, rounding the far turn. MUCKRAKER showed marked fondness for the going, but Brookhart, with his usual judgment, hampered his mount. BLACK GOLD was a prominent contender and finished close up, although Wheeler was set down by the stewards for pocketing at the three-quarters. BONUS was crowded into the rail badly several times. IMMIGRATION, after getting away badly, showed speed in the stretch, but shied and broke from the track when some railbird shouted "Banzai!" as he flashed past. ALL WET went to the post limping and La Follette never got him going well despite use of whip, spur, vocabulary, gestures and endurance. Edwards gave PROHIBITION a hard ride. TAXATION tired early, and in the stretch it was a Smoot question which way he was running.

Overweight—Prohibition, 5; Immigration, 3.

Scratched—Do Something, 109; Action, 112; Be Yourself, 113; Constructive Legislation, 96.
Weed Dickinson.



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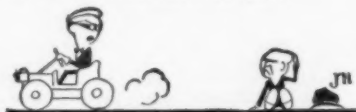
That was his answer the other day to the question, Should Muscle Shoals go to Ford? No! said Mr. Baker, it is too great a power to go to any one. The Government should keep it!

To the question, Will the Dawes reparations plan succeed? Mr. Baker's answer is No again. So, at least, it was the other day. Since then Poincaré has gone to grass and he may be more hopeful.

He has not spoken yet of Senator Lodge's new World Court. He may not find it necessary to say No to that because every one else says No to it. Except Mr. Anderson, who made it, no one takes it seriously, not even, one may surmise, Mr. Lodge himself. It seems an expedient to delay action on the desire of Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hughes to join the existing World Court.

There have been rumors that Mr. Baker is going to make a great speech at the Democratic Convention. Very well, let him. If he has a good speech inside of him, the Convention ought to hear it. Meanwhile, what does he think about the persuasion of the Theosophists that the sixth sub-race of the Aryans is now forming in the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand? Has Mr. Baker informed himself on this subject? Does he approve the persuasion of the Theosophists? Will he say anything about it to the Democratic Convention? If a new sub-race is forming and the High Authorities are back of the project, and the United States is one of the coun-

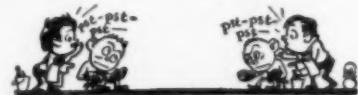
tries in which it is expected to develop, we ought to push the idea along. Perhaps that notion is behind Mr. Lodge's reluctance to let us mix up too much with Europe. Perhaps it is behind the new Immigration laws that are intended to keep uncertified Europeans from mixing in too large quantities with us. Maybe the real basis of the solicitude of Congress, and of President Coolidge off and on, and of all the Californians, to keep out the Japanese is this sense that a new race is forming and that too many inharmonious ingredients should not be mixed into it just at this time. A lot of people who have never heard of the Theosophist theory seem to be working for it. They do not say a new sub-race is forming, but they do say, or at least feel, that the population of the United States contains already as large an element of recently acquired citizens not born here as it can digest, and until it has digested what it now has and developed a national type, with minds trained to American conceptions of life, the inward flow of people should be kept down to small proportions. The New Zealanders are much more particular than we are about whom they let in. The Australians and Canadians are a little less fastidious, but the same idea runs through all these countries and now through the United States that there is a job on of developing a new racial type of man and that it should have the right of way.



AS for World Courts and Leagues, they won't do very much until the minds of the nations accept the idea of them. So far they have not accepted it more than imperfectly, but there is more

going on in this world than the efforts of politicians to get elected to office, and the efforts of individual nations to make good deals for themselves.

The French election stimulates the hopefulness of the hopeful. Contrary to all the expectations imparted by the correspondents, the French electorate tipped out M. Poincaré, and with emphasis; so conveying the conviction that the concerns of France needed the direction of a new mind. The new mind in prospect is M. Herriot, Socialist, so-called; not a lawyer, but lately professor of rhetoric in the University of Lyons and long mayor of that city. Possibly he will be the new premier, perhaps M. Briand, but either of them may be expected to work better than M. Poincaré with Ramsay MacDonald in applying the Dawes reparations plan to the economic ailments of Europe. England and France must agree about Germany, and this new election in France argues that they will.

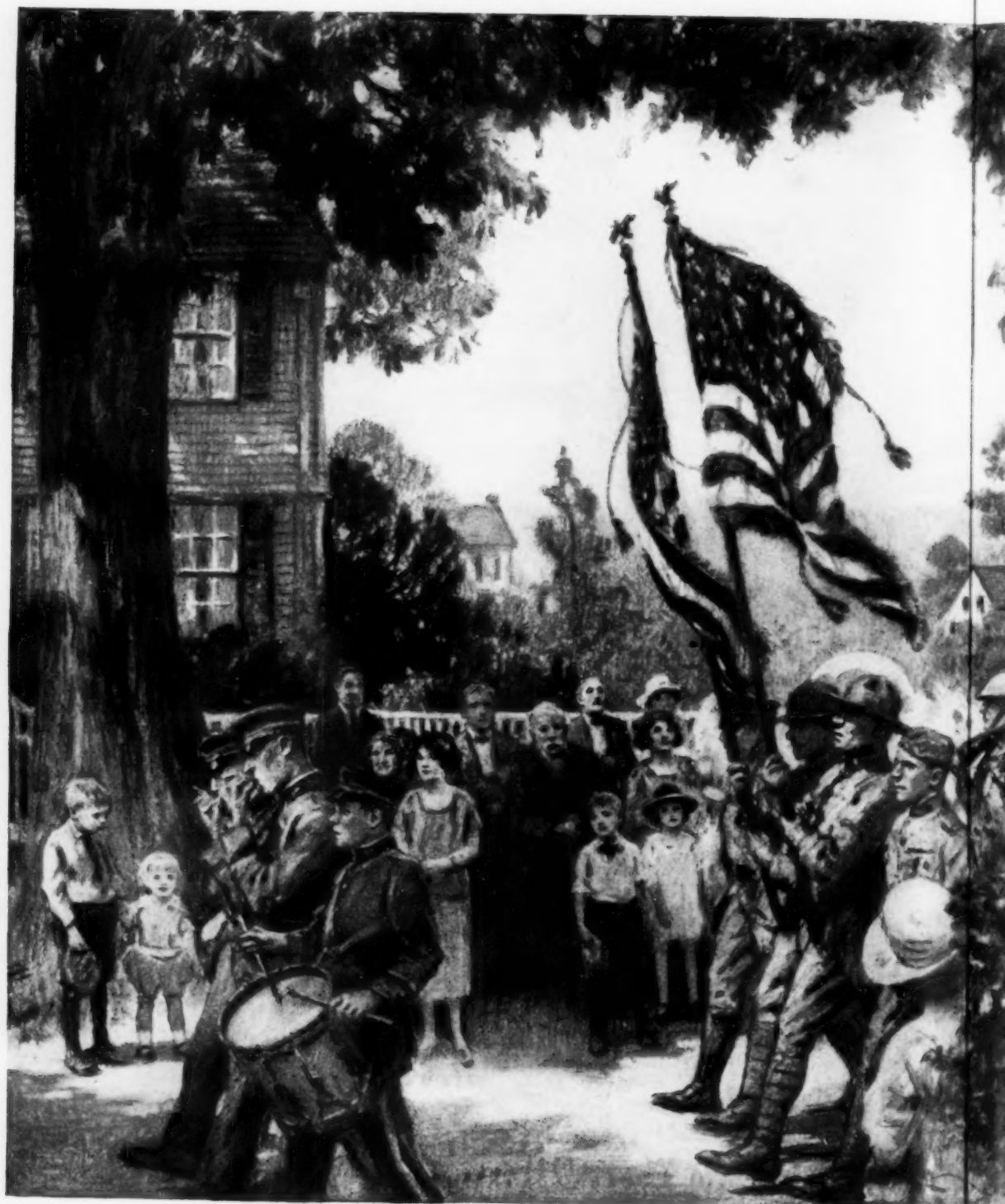


DISCUSSION of Democratic candidates is profuse, but no conclusion has yet been reached. The Walshes take part. The papers record that Francis P. Walsh of Kansas City (now or lately) is for Alfred E. Smith of New York, and invites everybody, and Catholics in particular, to root for him. But Senator David Walsh of Massachusetts has been praising Senator Thomas Walsh of Montana, and seems to be for him. So it is a tie except that Frank Walsh is a more imprudent talker than David, and likelier to burchar his favorite candidate. David, however, is earning odium in Massachusetts by voting for tax and appropriation bills that are highly obnoxious to the sentiments of business and etiquette in the Bay State. He and other Democrats in Congress are doing what they can to continue Mr. Coolidge in office by voting for bad bills, especially grabs and tax bills, for him to veto.

DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT, the veteran champion of Prohibition, has been put in the ring to confront Dr. Murray Butler, who continues to declare that the present Dry laws are rotten and will disappear within five years. Dr. Eliot is the same who formerly believed in education by liberty.

E. S. Martin.





The Drummer Boy



Summer Boy of '64



Music in the Making

THERE are one or two things about "The Melody Man" which deserve honorable mention. In the first place, the heroine goes Democratic in the last act, and the villain turns out to be a pretty good guy after all. Then the hero, or whatever it is you call the poor young man who is trying to get ahead with his music, *doesn't* win the girl, and has to go away with nothing but his indomitable spirit, which, if you ask us, would be pretty tiresome company.

We could hardly believe our ears when, in the last act, the little golden-haired girl who had been so sweet and so like Violet Heming up till then, suddenly walked in from her six-months' honeymoon in Europe with all the attributes of a terrible person. It seemed too good to be true. And she didn't wholly recover before the final curtain, either, which was extra fine.

The fact that the villain was so ingratiating may be because Donald Gallaher couldn't be villainous if he were up to his neck in mortgages and stolen inventions, but some of the credit must go to the author for giving his lines a twist. As a matter of fact, to be quite unfair, this novelty in characterization on the part of the author was probably due less to a pioneer instinct than to a rather hazy idea as to what it was all about anyway, but the fact remains that there is a strong tang of originality to this particular phase of it.



IN no circumstances should it be gathered that there is anything essentially original about "The Melody Man." It is full of the good old corned-beef which made our fathers the hardy race that they were. But it does have some pretty funny wise-cracks for Sammy White and Eva Puck (yes, from vaudeville) and plenty of chances for Lew Fields to be Lew Fields, which is almost enough for any show to have at this time of year.



THE aspect of "The Melody Man" which is particularly gratifying, however, is that the clean-cut young musician gets gypped. It is true, as it finally works out, he didn't miss much by losing the girl, but for a while it looked as if his offensive virtue were going to triumph over the villain's likable caddishness.

Probably the worst sports in the world are the honest young heroes who come to the girl of their choice and tell her that they are the only men in the world who love her for herself alone, that all the other men are just creatures of

greed or lust. It is to be hoped that the failure of the high-hat tactics of the young gentleman in "The Melody Man" will serve as a lesson to heroes in the future and teach them that there are other things in life besides being honest and virtuous—among them, a genial manner.

Incidentally, we should like to go on record as having once known a very poor young man, who played the violin, and who earnestly wanted to get ahead in his music, who was *not* one of Nature's noblemen, in spite of the fact that being very poor and playing the violin and wanting to get ahead in your music is usually considered a triplicate endorsement of your nobility. Give us the rich young loafer, with no ear for music, every time.



ON the face of it, a musical comedy made out of "Peg o' My Heart" with some one other than Laurette Taylor playing *Peg* sounds pretty dismal. As a matter of fact, "Peg o' My Dreams" (for such it is) is very satisfying indeed. It has more thorough class and tone to it than any musical comedy in town. In addition, it has G. P. Huntley, who is very funny. That is, we think he is very funny.

The score has nothing in particular to recommend it, but several of the songs as sung by a cast almost all of whom can sing, and danced by people who can dance, are not difficult to sit through, and all the way through the performance you have the feeling that every one concerned is the best possible choice for the job under consideration. Maybe this is what we mean by "class."



THE production has been staged by Hassard Short and it also has class. Until very near the end of the show Mr. Short denies himself his passion for mechanical effects, but the strain becomes too much for him and at last he gives in to it and slides open a hedge in the back to display a procession of young ladies in gorgeous Russian costumes (the scene being Scarborough, Eng.), who end up by getting on a moving platform which gives them a ride backward about three feet as the hedge slides together again. Then he goes on with the show. It is comforting to know that a Hassard Short production is always going to be rich and splendid and peripatetic.

Somehow we feel that we haven't said enough about Mr. Huntley. He is very funny. That is, we think he is very funny. Please don't write us about it if you don't think so.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

All God's Chillun Got Wings. *Province-town*—To be reviewed next week.

Cheaper to Marry. *Belmont*—Special apple-sauce on the subject of marriage and the allied arts.

Cobra. *Hudson*—Considerable punch injected into the old triangle by excellent acting and a new situation or two.

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—One of the world's best plays revived by Walter Hampden.

Flame of Love. *Empire*—Every one dressed up like Chinese.

The Kreutzer Sonata. *Frasce*—To be reviewed next week.

The Man Who Ate the Popomack. *Punch and Judy*—We haven't even seen it and somehow don't expect to.

The Miracle. *Century*—A splendid and inspiring spectacle.

The Outsider. *Ambassador*—Therapeutics made interesting by Katharine Cornell and Lionel Atwill.

Rain. *Marine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels in a promising drama of sin and salvation.

Saint Joan. *Garrick*—History with marginal notes by G. B. Shaw. Winifred Lenihan as the Maid.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—War-time Paris and heavy emotional acting by Helen Menken.

The Shame Woman. *Comedy*—This play is really not good enough to have lasted as long as this.

The Wonderful Visit. *Princess*—Important enough to have been moved to a downtown theatre.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Will be three years old in May, 1925.

Beggar on Horseback. *Broadhurst*—Genuine satire and delightful kidding in a dream experienced by Roland Young.

The Bride. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Peggy Wood in a synthetic mystery play.

Expressing Willie. *Forty-Eighth St.*—A really intelligent and amusing comedy, well done.

Fashion. *Greenwich Village*—Lots of fun kidding an old play.

Fata Morgana. *Lyceum*—Emily Stevens in "What a Young Boy Ought to Know."

Worth knowing.

The Goose Hangs High. *Bijou*—What the children think of us.

Meet the Wife. *Klaw*—Fairly conventional laugh-getter, with Mary Boland.

The Melody Man. *Ritz*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Nervous Wreck. *Sam H. Harris*—Otto Kruger and June Walker in a farce which manages to be amusing in spite of gun play and broken dishes.

The Potters. *Plymouth*—Middle-class American home life done to a turn.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—To our way of thinking, the best American play of the year.

Spring Cleaning. *Eltinge*—Wise-cracks about sex matters, very neatly handled by a superior cast.

The Swan. *Cort*—Eva Le Gallienne in a comedy which would lend distinction to any season.

Sweet Seventeen. *Morisco*—Vanilla cornstarch. No harm done.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Charlot's Revue. *Schvyn*—An English show which may well serve as a model for our native producers.

I'll Say She Is. *Casino*—To be reviewed later.

Innocent Eyes. *Winter Garden*—To be reviewed later.

Kid Boots. *Earl Carroll*—Eddie Cantor in splendid form.

Lollipop. *Knickerbocker*—Good regulation stuff.

Moonlight. *Longacre*—Julia Sanderson and plenty of songs.

Mr. Battling Buttler. *Times Square*—Not very important.

Paradise Alley. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Not so good.

Peg o' My Dreams. *Imperial*—Reviewed in this issue.

Poppy. *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy, W. C. Fields, and Luella Gear in something that seems to have the makings of a success in it.

Round the Town. *Century Roof*—To be reviewed later.

Sitting Pretty. *Fulton*—Very nice.

Stepping Stones. *Globe*—Fred Stone in his customary triumph.

Vogues. *Shubert*—Jimmy Savo and Fred Allen furnishing some of the season's best laughs.

WIFE: What's worrying you, dear?
HUSBAND: I've just figured out a way of getting down to the office ten minutes earlier, but I won't know what to do when I get there.



NORMAN TREVOR IN "THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH"



"I'LL SHOW HER WHO'S GOT THE MOST PATIENCE IN THIS FAMILY—I DON'T GO IN TILL SHE GOES TO SLEEP—THAT SETTLES IT."

More Noise from Washington

THE various Senators and Representatives who, as a body, received a special award from LIFE for their services in promoting international ill will, continue to respond in the usual manner:

"Shall we sacrifice our national self respect and yield to an over sensitive nation the right to a voice in the determination of our internal affairs in order to avoid war? If so, then we are the yellow race, not the Orientals. Hashimura Togo must have been the judge of LIFE's war contest. The 'award' is the funniest thing yet from the Japanese Schoolboy."

HON. H. E. BARBOUR,
M. C. from 7th Dist., California.

"I am returning the Memorial and ask that you kindly proffer it to the judges as evidence of their insanity when they shall be taken before the proper tribunal to be tried for the same. It will need no further evidence to show that they are fit subjects for the insane asylum and no doubt will save the State wherein they are domiciled the unnecessary expense of producing witnesses to prove their insanity."

HON. W. A. AYRES,
M. C. from 8th Dist., Kansas.

"If one of your friends were struck by a motor car, you doubtless would condemn him for his ungraceful movements and for making a scene on the street, and it would not occur to you to blame the reckless driver who had caused the accident. In the same way you blame Congress for the Japanese exclusion clause without even mentioning the distinguished diplomats whose ineptness made exclusion inevitable. I believe the Japanese exclusion would have been beaten if it had not been for the Japanese threat. If Congress had yielded to the threat and had done what the Japanese demanded, you would then have condemned us for our lack of spunk. The easiest way to play ball is from the bleachers."

HON. DAVID A. REED,
Senator from Pennsylvania.

(Senator Reed, by the way, is the one who displayed conspicuous sanity by referring to the crisis with Japan as a "waste of twenty years of excellent diplomacy," and a sacrifice of "the good relations, or a large part of them, that followed the prompt and friendly action of America after the Japanese earthquake.")

If LIFE were offering a prize for the best letter from its Congressional readers, this document would unquestionably receive the first money:

"Your evident desire to prefer to please the Japanese in preference to American citizens ought to win you the undying gratitude of the yellow race, who would like to come to our Country and engage in competition with Americans, because our standard of living in a Democracy requires us to keep our children out of the factories, mills and mines, and send them to school to educate them to become citizens, while the Japanese, ruled by a Mikado, do not need this preliminary training.

"If you do not soon establish a branch issue of your funny paper in Japan, you are overlooking a splendid opportunity....No doubt you could sell quite a few issues among the little brown men on the Pacific Coast, because they, unlike you, are always loyal to their Government.

"Of course, the easiest way to avoid war is to surrender. Funny our revolutionary forefathers did not think of that. However, we can enroll Washington and Lincoln as honorary members of your Club to promote war, because it seems to have never oc-

(Continued on page 32)



Skippy: OH! YA AIN'T GOIN' TO PASS WITHOUT STOPPIN' IN TO SAY HELLO TO MAMA—ARE YA, MISS TOWNS?
 "WHY, I'M SORRY, SKIPPY, BUT I CAN'T STOP TO-DAY!"
 "OH, MISS TOWNS! NOT EVEN FOR ONE LITTLE TINY MINUTE?"



"YOUR MOTHER HAS A GREAT DEAL TO DO—SHE DOESN'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED WITH CALLERS."
 "OH, MAMA NEVER HAS ANYTHING TO DO 'N' I KNOW SHE LIKES CALLERS 'CAUSE SHE'S ALWAYS LOOKIN' OUT THE WINDOW TO SEE WHO PASSES BY."



"JUST THIS ONCE STOP IN, MISS TOWNS, 'N' WE'LL NEVER ASK YOU AGAIN."
 "NEXT TIME, SKIPPY."
 "YA AIN'T SORRY AT US OR SOMETHIN', ARE YA, MISS TOWNS?"
 "OH, SKIPPY! CERTAINLY NOT!"



"I LIKE YOU TO COME IN—WON'T YA COME IN FOR ME? BESIDES, WE GOT LOTS OF NICE THINGS TO EAT TO-DAY. LOVELY STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE, THINK OF IT!"
 "WELL, I'LL GO IN FOR A LITTLE WHILE."



Miss Towns: WHY, SKIPPY, I NEVER KNEW YOU PLAYED THE VIOLIN. WON'T YOU PLAY FOR ME, LIKE A GOOD BOY?



!!!!!!

Skippy

· LIFE · Broadcastings

By Montague Glass

FOOT and mouth disease is commonly called the epizootic, although the word "epizootic" means the temporary prevalence of a disease among lower animals and ought to be used in the same way as "epidemic" in reference to human beings. Similarly, in certain parts of France, the crime of smuggling is known as "The Fraud," since, in comparison with other frauds, smuggling is the outstanding fraud, not only in ease of execution but in prompt and unbounded returns. The epizootic—pronounced by the local population "epizooty," to rhyme with "dooty"—is now the outstanding epidemic in certain Western states, and offers a splendid opportunity for the authorities to restrict the liberties of the inhabitants to a degree never before contemplated even in the rigid enforcement of the Prohibition and Immigration laws. Innocent motorists are being haled before local magistrates and fined three hundred dollars for stopping their automobiles by the side of the road and picking wild flowers. How this aids in stopping the spread of the disease is not explained by the magistrates, but of course three hundred dollars is three hundred dollars, and you've got to show people that there's a quarantine going on.

* * *

IN fact, there are all kinds of quarantines in full swing at the present time, Federal, state and county, and at every few miles deputies are stationed with the conventional symbols of a rigid quarantine—star-shaped badges and sawed-off shotguns. They halt every automobile and disinfect both car and passengers by a process so severe that it kills not only the sub-microscopic germs of the cattle disease but also the paint on the car, the clothing of the passengers, and the leather on the seats.

This condition of hysterical panic has become many times more infectious than the disease itself, so that states remote from the area of infection have caught not the disease but the panic, with the result that they are refusing to admit Western fruits and vegetables, not to say Western tourists, and what might have been a severe blow to the cattle industry only has been made a much worse catastrophe to the fruit

industry and particularly to the tourist industry. Chambers of Commerce throughout the country ought to issue to the local authorities of infected areas Charles Lamb's "Essay on Roast Pig," in large type. Their efforts to



"OH, BOY, WHAT LUCK!—A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER!"

stamp out foot and mouth disease remind one of the blacksmith who had a local reputation as a healer. He was consulted by a man suffering from a felon on his thumb. "Put your thumb on the anvil, and I'll smash it with a hammer," said the blacksmith-healer, "for I can cure a smashed thumb, but not a felon on the thumb."

* * *

BOOK reviewers probably have a more detached attitude toward the books they read than the people who

buy books. The reviewer gets paid to read the book which is furnished him for nothing, and his opinion of it therefore is not tinged with two and a half dollars' worth of bitterness at being swindled again. Nevertheless, I had rather be guided by the judgment of the informed book buyer than of the book reviewer, and, failing this judgment, the opinion of a foreign reviewer is to be preferred to that of an American reviewer. The American is apt to praise native books upon the principle of the Scotch schoolmaster who was the judge of a village beauty contest and awarded the prize to his elderly ugly daughter, saying as he did so:

"A man must favor his own."

* * *

THEN again it is impossible for a book reviewer in New York not to be influenced, as Mr. George Jean Nathan says of theatrical critics, by charming personal friendships, by invitations to agreeable parties, and even by cocktails of gin, pineapple juice and a dash of Fernet Branca. One does not, of course, accuse Miss Ferber or Miss Hurst of corrupting the native book reviewers, who without exception have praised most highly the latest works of these two talented writers. Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that during the winter of 1923-24 they attended enough luncheons and dinners to have broken bread with most of the New York book reviewers, whereas with Mr. Raymond Mortimer of the *New Statesman* there seems to be no doubt at all from his review of "So Big" and "Lummox" in the issue of March 29, 1924, that neither Miss Ferber nor Miss Hurst broke so much as a penny roll or even a Uneda biscuit. As for M. Charles Le Verrier of *L'Europe Nouvelle*, if Sherwood Anderson ever extended to him any form of hospitality, it must have resulted in ptomaine poisoning, for M. Le Verrier describes Mr. Anderson's sort of literature as "a dismal libertinism," and further designates the situations in "Many Marriages" as "shocking and lugubrious." My opinion of "Many Marriages" is merely that of a purchaser for value without notice, as the lawyers say. It is similar to Dr. Brink's appraisal of

(Continued on page 29)

The Ship's Model

AGAINST a sky of window, on an ocean of table
The model sails.
Her wake is white with narcissus flowers, a magazine coast
Is under her rails.
Trim and gallant she meets the eyes of the group
Drinking their tea,
Like a Hongkong-bound clipper leaving her port
For the open sea.
And casually these alien eyes assess her worth
As a finishing touch
In adding a certain elusive air of distinction
To curtains and such.
Surely, surely, that ship's model would rather
On the shoals of the floor
Go down in a suitable shipwreck
And be seen no more.

Elizabeth J. Coatsworth.



LITTLE WILLIE'S IDEA OF A "PRACTICING PHYSICIAN"

Speaking of Literary Criticism

Schlemmel: *An Appreciation in the Current Jargon*

AT all times we feel the urge, in the last analysis, to react to the psychopathy of Professor Schlemmel of Gotinbad University, whose countless complexes are so thoroughly convincing. Connoting the Professor's teachings with the

later doctrines of the iconoclastic esoterics, we feel that the Schlemmel cult-ure deserves a host of proselytes. Indeed, it is in these acid tests that we discover the irreducible residue of Truth. That he has long been a decided Control is universally conceded, and in his recent exposé of Scholastic Realism, mental mosaics, and egocentrics, he has rendered a service of imperishable value.



Short-sighted Lady: YOU HAVE YOUR GLASSES ON; WHO IS THAT MAN OVER THERE STARING AT US SO?
The Other One: I AM AFRAID I CANNOT TELL YOU UNTIL HE TURNS AROUND.

The Silent Drama

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"

THE program of Mary Pickford's latest picture contains the following statement by "America's Sweetheart" herself: "In my judgment, 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall' is the best picture I have ever made."

It is the far from agreeable duty of this department to dispute Miss Pickford, and announce that she is wrong. She should stick to the production and performance of moving pictures and leave the expression of opinion to the insignificant hackmen, like myself, who don't know how to do anything else.

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" is a singularly beautiful production, with occasional stirring moments, and it includes some of Miss Pickford's finest individual work—but it is not her best. That title is still held by "Rosita."

IN the first place, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" is just the least bit late. There have been so many cloak-and-sword dramas on the screen that there hardly seems to be room for one more. Merrie England has been wrung dry by every one, from Ernst Lubitsch to Marion Davies.

The stories of these dressy romances seem to run in one groove. They all center in the person of a lovely and lively heroine, who is forced by her stern father to marry a villainous aristocrat—the while she is wooed clandestinely by a dashing, mustachioed young swashbuckler who is exceptionally handy with his rapier and an expert at the running broad moat-jump. Mary Queen of Scots, Cardinal Richelieu, Henry the Eighth and one or more imbecile Dauphins are always worked into the plot somewhere, and atmosphere is provided by the casual appearance of Will Shakespeare, Velasquez, Sir Walter Raleigh, Boccaccio and other prominent Bohemians of the period. There is invariably a chase at the finish.

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" sticks pretty closely to the established channels and, in that respect, is disappointing. Undoubtedly, if it had been produced three years ago, it would have been listed as one of the great ones; but times, and pictures, move.

Mary Pickford is magnificent as *Dorothy Vernon*, and her beauty is reproduced more effectively than ever before by the expert photography of Charles Rosher. The histrionic high spot of the film, however, is furnished by Clare Eames, who brings *Queen Elizabeth* to life on the screen. It is a

superb performance. Miss Eames proves that the Virgin Queen could be cold and dominant, as she is usually represented to be,—and also, when she chose, as inelegant as a traveling salesman in a Pullman washroom.

Marshall Neilan's direction of "Dorothy Vernon" is not all that might be expected. He has inserted at intervals a few characteristically comic touches, but in the main his treatment of Charles Major's rubber-stamp story is surprisingly cut-and-dried.

NOT the least diverting feature of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" is the program. It includes an article entitled, "Mary Pickford's Secret," from which, with your kind indulgence, I shall make bold to quote:

"To me the prettiest part of the year is Spring. One might say it symbolizes hope, youth, love. It always seems that in that season Nature opens her perfume bottle and its fragrance permeates unfolding buds and blooming things. . . .

"As we grow older, disappointments bring on the Summer of Reality, fading all too often into the Autumn of Cynicism and the Winter of Failure. These, I am sure, can be erased in the memory of Springtime.

"One night at the dinner table, a friend of Douglas's and mine forcibly brought the point home that I wish to make. After I had passed him some chili-sauce, he said:

"I never eat chili-sauce that I don't think of mother and the way she used to make it."

"Which reminded me that whenever I see lilacs I always think of the front yard of our old home in Canada in the days of my childhood. It is always the simple, little things that bring back the memory of Springtime."

I WONDER whether it was really chili-sauce that reminded Miss Pickford's friend so forcibly of his mother. Could it have been apple-sauce?

Robert E. Sherwood.



MARY PICKFORD IN "DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL."



Solution for Everything 1,341

By Don Herold

THERE is considerable thrill for this layman in the custom among scientists of naming things with numbers. We read recently in the papers that 10,000,000 Africans may be saved from tsetse fly death by a new drug discovery, Bayer 205. Enormous areas desolated by the tsetse fly may be repopulated as the result of Bayer 205.

The numeral 205 indicates that 204 unsuccessful compounds were made and experimented with before success was finally achieved.

At a time when most of the human race is operating on hunches from heaven, divine revelations and snap convictions, it is refreshing and perhaps prophetic to have one class of folks getting at results by the trial and error system and frankly confessing their system to the whole world.

It seems as if practically everybody but the scientists was proud to be dead right the first time out of the box.

This is just theory 1,341 with me and I may have a completely different notion (1,342) about it to-morrow.

Imagine a Congressman bringing forth his income tax revision plan 205. No, sir! A Congressman comes out with HIS income tax revision plan! It is *his* right and eternal No. 1 plan and he sticks to it until the cows come home. The world is as much to blame as the Congressman because it immediately calls the plan the Congressman Bonehead plan—half the population regards it as divine revelation and the other half regards it as satanic.

Why do we, outside of science, insist on *fewness*?

This country (maybe) ought by this time to have 25,000 Constitutional amendments instead of 19. There ought to be at least 500 Prohibition amendments alone. We should try the thing out one way and another.

Why do we, outside of science, make such a fetish of cocksureness?

It would be a pleasure to hear some one remark: "I opine 263 that the League of Nations is the bunk!" This

would be an admission by this particular person that he had had 262 incorrect ideas about the League of Nations, and would help immeasurably to make him seem gracious and lovable. It would almost defeat controversy.

Scientists are quite gracious and lovable to name their pet products with numbers. It *would* be a relief, however, if scientists *would* hurry up and get together and settle down on some kind of universal tooth paste.

Political Predictions

THE Republicans will not nominate Magnus Johnson on the first ballot for the Presidency of the United States.

Senator Lodge will not be the candidate of the Third Party Radicals.

Hotel room conversations will not be broadcast from Cleveland.

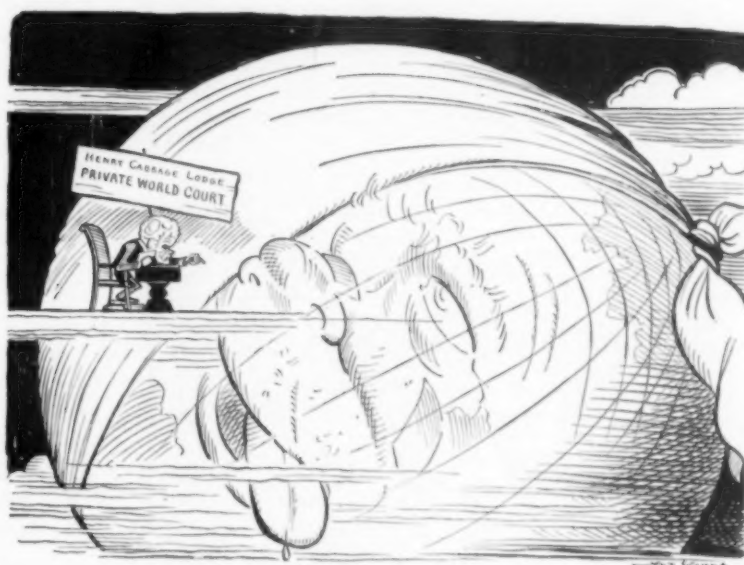
Bryan will not make the nominating speech for "Al" Smith at Madison Square Garden.

"Keep Cool-idge" fans will not be distributed by the campaign committee to delegates attending the Convention in New York City.

E. L. Doheny will not be urged as a suitable running mate for William Gibbs McAdoo.

Whoever the nominees may be, static will not be the worst annoyance to radio fans as the summer campaign warms up.

T.F.



AT LAST

UP TO THE HIGHEST TRIBUNAL



Responsibility

Five-year-old Totoche asked her mother to buy her a doll with beautiful red hair. After looking in vain in several stores for the desired color, her mother ended by buying a brown-haired doll.

"But you will love her just the same, won't you?" she asked Totoche.

"I will do my duty," replied Totoche gravely.—*Sans-Gêne (Paris)*.

The Reflex

ENGLISHMAN (at street accident in Aberdeen): Give him some air!

SUSPICIOUS NATIVE: Give him some yersel', mon!—*Tatler (London)*.

A ROCHESTER broadcasting station, WHAM, is looking for a slogan. Imagine anything named WHAM looking for a slogan.—*Detroit News*.

GUEST (examining silver): Tudor?

HOST: No, Statler.—*Cornell Widow*.



CHAPULTEPEC, MAY 10 (By Associated Press).—THE MEXICAN OLYMPIC TEAM HAS RESUMED STRICT TRAINING, AFTER THE FRIGHTFUL EVENTS OF LAST WEEK, WHEN SEVERAL OF THE TEAM STAYED UP ALL AFTERNOON.

—*Vale Record*.

Aconites

They are not great or tall,
They are but bright and round,
Each head a yellow ball,
Green frilled, close to the ground,
Suddenly, strangely, found
Through the short flame winged hours
Of winter; the first flowers,
They came without a sound,
While yet the tender showers
Upon the grass did fall.

—*Fredegond Shove, in
The Nation and the Athenaeum*.

Ruddy

THE WOMAN (at the Tower of London): And which is the Bloody Tower, warder?

THE YEOMAN (rather disgruntled): All of it, mum!

—*Passing Show (London)*.

This Is Our Favorite Piece

Western paper—"Mrs. Monica Graham sang the aria 'Pleurez, Pleurez, Mrs. Yux.'"—*Boston Transcript*.

LITTLE GIRL (in smoking car): Mother, will they put us out if we don't smoke?—*Karikaturen (Christiania)*.

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PHILLIPS JONES



NEW YORK CITY

Hermits, Then and Now

I've often read in ancient books
Of certain "holy men"
Who dwelt apart in shady nooks
Of forest glade or glén,
Wherein, thrice daily, they would eat
Whatever friends brought in
While all the neighbors said, "How
sweet
They are, and free from sin."

No income tax or monthly bills
Disturbed their solitude,
And often, in their simple stills,
Elixirs rare they brewed;
Which having tasted and found good,
They blessed the fruitful earth
And woke the echoes of the wood
With sounds of holy mirth.

I've often wished my life might be
Like theirs, a holy one,
From sordid complications free
And full of quiet fun,
But I suspect, should I rely
For food three times a day
On friends, it's more than likely I
Would shortly pass away.

And this I know: if I should brew
A cordial strong and clear,
Some long-nosed, low-browed Revenue
Official would appear,
For times have sadly changed since then
And distillation's art
Is now pursued by furtive men,
Not holy...but apart.

G. S. C.

Never Mind What Her Name Is

(Continued from page 10)

slums to be made happy and strengthened by a fortnight's stay in the country. All you have to do is to send two hundred dollars to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund. That amount will be placed in a perpetual trust and the income used for the purpose stated. More than that, the Endowment may bear your name or that of some cause or some person for whom you wish to create a memorial. Any of these privileges is yours by sending the check to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

N. B.—Children's clothing is badly needed—partly worn rompers, overalls, sweaters, jackets, underwear, and especially shoes. Our age limit is twelve years, but larger sizes frequently fit. Their own garments go to pieces with the hard vacation wear. Packages sent to LIFE's Farm, Branchville, Conn., or to LIFE's Farm, Pottersville, N. J., will be gratefully acknowledged.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE believes it would be a good thing if Americans spent more time out in the open air. We should like to know what Messrs. Fall, Denby and Daugherty think about this.



Balcony of the main dining room.



Chef of The "France"

The "FRANCE" Returns

FOUR funnels—red with black tops. Nose in a wave off Sandy Hook, racing to pier fifty-seven. Decks gay and the tri-color flying. If the Statue of Liberty were an emotional person, she'd dip her torch... the "France" is coming back!

She's been away for the winter. Getting new oil-burning engines to add to her speed. Getting a few clothes, like any other visitor to Paris. But she's kept her type, like the chic Parisienne she is.

She isn't just a boat. Any more than Newport is just a town, or the Knickerbocker Club is a hotel. She has somehow evolved a soul—a personality that attracts just those people with whom one wants to pass six days at sea. People who judge a boat by her gold leaf don't like her—which, of course, is part of her charm.

As for cuisine—and the chef who "creates" when he cooks—and the garçons whose smiles belong to their faces—and the cabins where one really rests—and the orchestra—and the Louis XIV mood of the whole boat—they can't change.

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Secretarial Work

The film magnate was one of the astutest men in the moving-picture business, but his best friends could not maintain that he was highly educated.

One morning things had gone wrong at the studio, and he was inveighing in no measured tones against his staff.

"Such a lot of dubs I never saw!" he vociferated. "I'd send the whole lot their notice this minute—if I could write!"—*London Daily Express.*

Paging Puss

There is a story they tell on Frisco, the dancer.

He stutters painfully at times. In the heyday of his popularity he was invited to dine at a private home. They had asparagus. He wanted some and tried to ask for it. He stumbled on "asparagus" and a cat jumped into his lap.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Complacent Scot

A Scots boy in an English school, when his class was asked where Shakespeare was born, promptly replied, "In Scotland, sir."

"What makes you say Shakespeare was a Scotsman?" said the schoolmaster.

"Because of his abeility, sir!" was the answer.—*Sphere (London).*

Changing the Subject

FIRST HUSBAND: Are you and your wife happy?

SECOND DITTO: Oh, very happy! But let's talk about something cheerful!

—*Answers (London).*

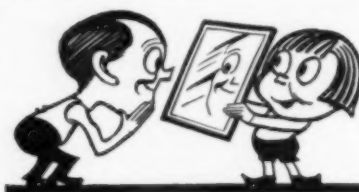
The Brave Live On

"Suppose I kill myself for you?"

"Oh, don't do that, my dear! A man who would take his own life is unworthy of living."—*Sans-Gêne (Paris).*



"WELL, PAPA, WERE YOU A BOY OR A GIRL WHEN YOU WERE LITTLE?"
—*Excelsior (Mexico City).*



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Broadcastings

(Continued from page 22)

the patent medicine "Pherantidote" in A. Neil Lyons' "Six-penny Pieces."

"What," asked Aunt Isobel, "is your opinion of Pherantidote?"

"Well," responded Dr. Brink, "it's a damn small bottle for one-and-eight."

* * *

LESS than two inches of rain had fallen up to March 1, in the vicinity of a town called Tejunga—never mind the state—and the farmers of the neighborhood hired one Hatfield to supply the deficiency. In consideration of \$8,000, payable C. O. D., he undertook to provide an additional two and a half inches in less than thirty days, and to that end he erected a scaffold and made certain mysterious preparations, with the result that, sure enough, in less than thirty days more than two and a half inches of rain fell, and the farmers handed him a check for \$8,000.

But Mr. Hatfield failed to please his customers in one important particular. He could not localize his showers, and the rain fell not only upon the just and unjust but also upon those that had agreed to pay as well as upon those that hadn't. In fact, the entire state benefited by this \$8,000 downpour and the farmers of Tejunga feel that they ought to be reimbursed by all the other inhabitants of the state. They order these matters differently in Scotland. Barrie tells of the prayers for rain which were being held in the U. P. church at Tilliedrum. The inhabitants of the neighboring town of Thrums attended in a body with the exception of Lang Tammas Macleod.

"Are ye nae going to the prayers for rain in Tilliedrum, Tammas?" a friend asked.

"Na! Na!" said Tammas. "If it rains in Tilliedrum, we're bound to get the benefit of it in Thrums."

Fables for Farmers

THE sheep, having used up the supply of hay in their shelter, went out to look for a haystack which they had piled up as provision against an unusually severe winter. Much to their surprise and disappointment, they found the hay all gone, and numerous tracks leading in the direction of a cave in which a bunch of goats had taken refuge. When the sheep complained to the fox, whom they had left as guardian of the stack, for allowing the theft, he quickly retorted: "Nobody stole your hay; at least, I didn't give any one permission to steal it. I only gave them a lease of the woodlot. Besides, if I hadn't allowed the goats to take the hay it would all have blown away. Anyhow, you deserved to lose the hay, because you didn't know better than to set a fox to watch for thieves."

W. G.



Lawyer: DO YOU WISH TO PUT IN A PLEA FOR ALIMONY?
"IT WOULDN'T DO NO GOOD, JUDGE. DAT NIGGER IS WAY
BEHIN' IN HIS SUPPO'T NOW!"

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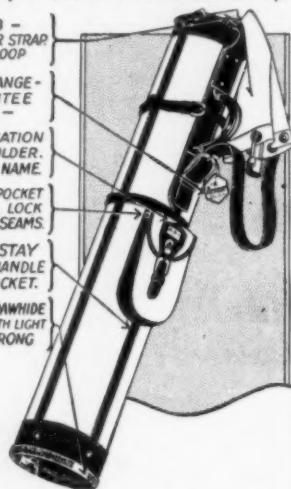
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Why Is It At a Tea Party That—

I SMOKE so many cigarettes?

There are never enough chairs?

Some one always upsets the sandwiches?

I am introduced to the same people at least three different times?

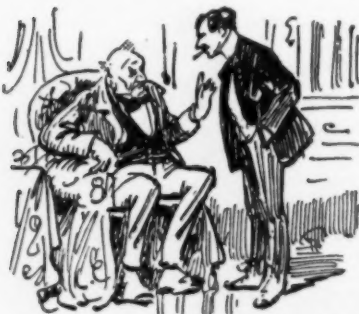
I invariably make an engagement that I have no intention of keeping?

There are never any ash trays?

My conversation becomes more and more idiotic?

I stay later than I intended?

They call it "tea"? C. G. S.



"WHAT, GRANDPA! YOU ARE SIGHING FOR THE DAYS OF THE SECOND EMPIRE? WERE YOU SO FOND OF NAPOLEON III?"

"SOME DAY YOU'LL FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT THE REPUBLIC AND M. MILLERAND. I WAS TWENTY YEARS OLD IN 1867, MY BOY!"

—L'Illustration (Paris).

The Louvain Library Fund

LIFE with pleasure acknowledges further contributions to the Louvain Library Fund, and checks to the order of J. P. Morgan & Co. have gone forward accordingly.

It will take a million dollars to complete this promised gift of America to the people of Belgium, in their struggle to repair the devastation of war, but if every one helps it will soon be done.

The Plainfield, N. J., High School, we are told, in addition to contributing liberally, has sent a special letter and bulletin to 150 other high schools in that state, to try to interest them also in this noble cause. Good for the Plainfield High School! We hope others will follow their example.

Previously acknowledged....\$122.00

Frank H. Lavacek, Ft. Adams 1.00

R. L. P..... 5.00

L. E. P..... 5.00

In memory of M. L. H..... 5.00

Plainfield, N. J., High School 231.00

\$369.00

Checks, if made payable to us and marked for "Louvain Library Fund," will be duly forwarded, and acknowledgments will be published in LIFE.

A Few Hints

(For Musical Comedy Producers, Moving-Picture Directors and the Like.)

ALL country house-parties are not given on Long Island.

At such gatherings it is not essential that the guests dance in the fountain, go bathing (fully clad) in the swimming pool, or change their attire every fifteen minutes.

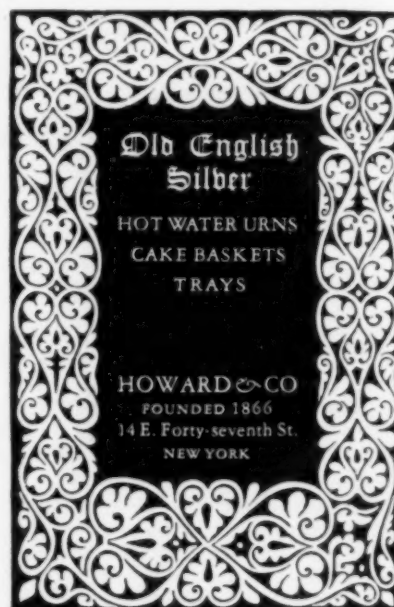
Morning coats and top hats are not customarily worn at bathing beaches.

During a dinner party the guests do not habitually turn their backs upon the host and hostess and begin whispering among themselves.

All boudoirs of fashionable young women are not the size of the waiting-room of the Pennsylvania Station, nor do they invariably possess enormous canopied beds, gilded bird-cages, leopard skin rugs, hoop-skirted telephone-dolls, dressing tables that reach to the ceiling, and low, plush-covered divans smothered with flamboyant silk cushions.

A week-end guest does not always feel it necessary to engage the butler in a lengthy conversation upon the habits and financial status of the host.

All adventuresses do not smear their eyelashes with mascaro, smoke cigarettes in long jade holders, and wear black velvet evening gowns.



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Silver

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NEW YORK



"GEORGE SEEMS TO HAVE HIS HANDS FULL!"

"YES, AND HE'LL NEED A HANDFUL TO HOLD SAM JONES SINCE SAM'S TAKEN TO USING THAT NEW DAYTON STEEL RACQUET!" Advt.



GARTER
For CROOKED LEGS

(PATENTED)

Makes trousers hang straight

If Legs Bend In or Out

Self-adjustable

It holds

Socks Up—Shirt Down

Not a "Form" or "Harness"

No Metal Springs

Free Circular

THE T. GARTER CO.

South Bend, Indiana

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



THE constant smoker finds in Melachrino Cigarettes a delicacy of flavor of which he never tires.

ORIGINAL MELACHRINO

"The One Cigarette Sold the World Over"



Gerda: HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON WITH YOUR HUSBAND?
Gwen: OH, SPLENDIDLY! I'VE ONLY RUN AWAY FROM HIM THREE TIMES, AND HE'S ONLY RUN AWAY FROM ME ONCE.

—London Mail.

Horses

It's only down around the quays
Or in some of the smaller mining camps
That one sees horses nowadays;
Muscled like men...
Plodding as men plod,
Driven by men;
Is man their god?

Guiding them
In the way that they should go;
Halting them
If they would push on too fast;
Probing them
If slack or slow;
Driving...
Cajoling...
Pounding them into the sod...

Horses are beasts to men...
Are we beasts to God?

F. M.

Our tennis authorities deny that they also serve who sometimes sit and write.

His Surprise Party

For the twenty-ninth time Jones had unwillingly attended the Opera during the season. Somehow or other, on each occasion, he had been "roped into" it. Of course, the really tragic part of it all was that the poor fellow was wholly unmusical. However, on the evening in question Jones was having a thoroughly delightful time. In some curious way, it all seemed different. There was frolic in the air and he chuckled joyously. Every one made such amusing remarks. Even the prima donna was a thing of beauty.

Then, quite suddenly, he heard a crash and shook himself. Heavens! He had fallen off his chair in the Fitz-Hemingways' box! But he should have known it was all only a dream.



Pat'd Feb. 26, 1924

Smoke This New Way!

Now you are to have a new joy in smoking—and a new convenience. Yes, and a new measure of safety too. It is the cleverest thing in smoking equipment—this

SMOKADOR SMOKING TUBE

At your desk, in an easy chair, or while reclining—it is a wonderful convenience and a great comfort. A quality product—beautiful amber-colored Bakelite, highest quality silk-covered tube, perfect ejector. Be the first among your friends to use a Smokador Smoking Tube. An ideal gift as present or prize—a positive delight to cigarette smokers. Only 2.95, order now.

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Only ^{Postpaid} 3.00 ^{Send This Coupon}

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Please send me.....Smokador Smoking Tubes. I will pay the postman \$2.95 each, plus a few cents carrying charge.

Dealers Please Write

If you prefer, send \$3.00 for each tube with order and we will prepay carrying charges.

**From
across
the Sea**

Apollinaris

**is brought to you
from the spring bot-
tled only with its
own natural gas.**

**"The Queen
of Table Waters"**

**Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.,
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York**

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 9)

seeing sound persons to consult him, which he has marked my having done of late. My relief boundless, too, for I feared he had got wind of my being a barker at the opening of the Street Fair....To the Websters' in Shippan Point for the week-end, and Mr. Webster did give me for my own the original of his cartoon wherein the man whose wife cautioned him to be conservative in his bidding drank five cocktails before the game and opened with six spades on a hand that was none too good.

Baird Leonard.

JUDGING from the quoted comments of various prominent personages, the trouble with this country is that it's too darned un-American.

At Our Expense—Cool, Comfortable Shaving

THE verdict is now in your hands —If you do not find from actual use that Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream gives you a quicker, closer shave, without the customary smarting after effect—and that it leaves your face as soft and cool as though you had used a lotion—we will refund its full purchase price. Get a jar from your druggist, or if he cannot supply you, send 50c with his name and address and we will mail a jar direct to you. If you are not entirely satisfied, return the jar and your money will be refunded. Or send 2c stamp for sample. *Recommended particularly for a tender skin.*
Frederick F. Ingram Co.,
538 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Ont.



More Noise from Washington

(Continued from page 20)

curred to them that they could have performed a great service for the future generations of America by surrendering principle in order to avoid ill-feeling and war.

"I nominate LIFE for a special medal for promoting war, since your plan would result in the introduction into our body politic of a large class of non-assimilable people, who will create a more serious race problem in the West than now exists in the South. And when the bitter competition between the whites and the yellow race on the Pacific has brought on a race strife, and possibly war, you can laugh in glee at the splendid results your plan will have brought about.

"I think your message to Congress on Japanese exclusion* is the funniest joke you have perpetrated in a good many years, but it shows how funny a person can be who undertakes to discuss a subject they do not know anything about."

Unfortunately, this combustible mixture is anonymous—signed merely, "A MEMBER OF CONGRESS." We should like to post his sentence, "Democracy requires us to keep our children out of the factories," etc., in the offices of all those one-hundred-percent American magnates who employ child labor.

Our unknown friend's guesses are substantiated by the following letter:

"I have read with profound interest the special award in LIFE's War Contest. I know of no one that has the happy freedom and power of expressing himself more openly and effectively on any subject of human interest than does LIFE. Nor do I know of any one who excels LIFE in the art of using such freedom and power exquisitely and gallantly."

M. HANIHARA,
Ambassador from Japan.

(His Excellency, the Japanese Ambassador, may not always display the most perfect judgment in his dealings with our revered lawmakers—but he has one decided advantage over most of them: he knows how to use the English language.)

"I agree with every word you say and yesterday I dropped your handsomely engraved Memorial on the Speaker's desk for insertion in the Congressional Record....I voted against the Johnson bill and its Japanese exclusion was one of my reasons for so doing."

HON. ANTHONY J. GRIFFIN,
M. C. from 22d Dist., New York.

In addition to the generous Mr. Griffin, the following gentlemen protest that they voted against the Immigration bill, and to them go our humble apologies: Hon. George S. Graham, M. C. from 2d Dist., Pennsylvania; Hon. Thaddeus C. Sweet, M. C. from 32d Dist., New York, and Hon. Jeremiah E. O'Connell, M. C. from 3d Dist., Rhode Island.

MILITARY FRENCH AND GERMAN BINOCULARS



8-POWER \$19⁵⁰ POSTPAID

Case and Carrying Straps Included

Finest Military Prismatic Binoculars

All new or practically new. Many of these binoculars were received direct from the ALLIED REPARATIONS COMMISSION. All are guaranteed perfect.

These glasses are of the wide-angle type—day and night lenses. All are prismatic with achromatic objective lenses. Manufactured by makers of the world's finest binoculars.

Glasses will be shipped promptly on receipt of check or money order covering purchase price under positive guarantee of full cash refund on any glasses returned.

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Importers

95 Federal Street, Boston, 9, Mass.

The Race for Life

SINCE the characteristic sports of other nations are on the Olympic program why not add a grade-crossing contest for the benefit of the Americans?

"Old Town Canoes"



"OLD TOWN CANOES" are patterned after real Indian models. The graceful lines make for speed and easy handling. "Old Town" construction has added great strength. And "Old Town Canoes" are low in price. \$64 up. From dealer or factory.

The new 1924 catalog is beautifully illustrated. It shows all models in full colors. Write for your free copy to-day.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
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THE McDUGAL

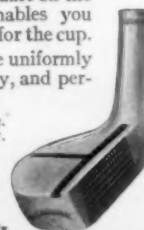
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The inlaid black T square on the McDougal Putter enables you to easily putt straight for the cup. McDougal Putters are uniformly machined for accuracy, and perfectly balanced.

Flat, medium or upright lie.
Left hand medium lie only.

Sent postpaid on
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Big as these numbers are, they don't
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COMMENCEMENT NUMBER June 5
 (Getting back at the younger generation)

TRAVEL NUMBER June 12
 (A laugh cruise around the world)

CONVENTION NUMBER June 19
 (Side-shaking hits at hand-shaking politicians)

LIFE deals in big numbers—fifty-two of them a year.
 You can get them all for Five Dollars, or you can
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 \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40). You've got
 my number, now send me yours.

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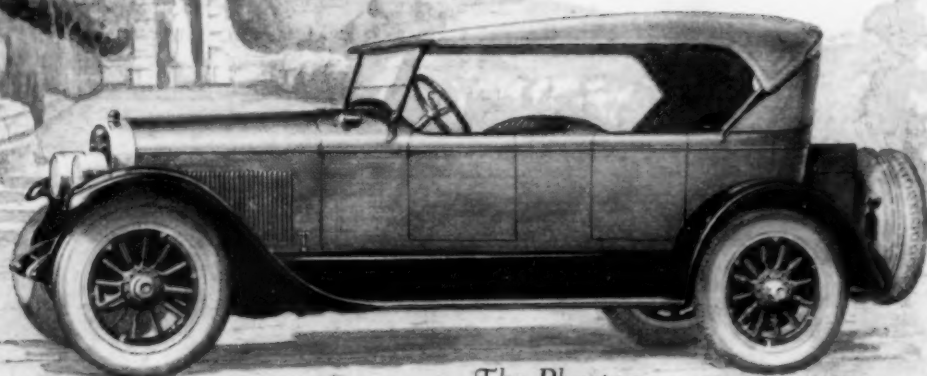
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